

Polk County Observer

Published Semi-Weekly at Dallas, Oregon, by the OBSERVER PRINTING COMPANY

EUGENE FOSTER.
W. H. TOTTEN.

Subscription Rates:

One Year\$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months40
Strictly in advance.

Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1907, at the post office at Dallas, Oregon, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



The way to build up Dallas is to patronize Dallas people.

"A wise old owl sat in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke,
The less he spoke, the more he heard
Why aren't we all like that old bird?"

NO DEFENSE OF CRIMINALS.

The mistake that most supporters of capital punishment make, is the assertion that those who oppose that method are "defending" the criminals of society. Nothing could be further from the truth. Opponents of the extreme penalty are not afflicted with so-called "mawkish sentiment" which is the glib stock and trade argument of the adherents of legal murders. Punishment for murderers is demanded but they take the position that confinement for life in a cheerless dungeon, beyond all power of pardon or parole, is a greater punishment than the taking of life itself. "He who enters here leaves hope behind," is a motto chiseled in the stone archway over a noted penitentiary in this country and, it seems to us, no greater affliction could be visited upon a criminal than to make him realize that, when the steel doors of his cell close behind him, shutting out the world and its pleasures, they will again open only to permit the passage of his lifeless clay to the silent city of the dead. A man without hope, without a future, without friends and the companionship of the world, is a dreary wreek on the rocks of crime. During all the years while life shall last, the punishment will go on, and on, growing, rather than diminishing, through the passage of time, with only the yawning grave at the end. And when the "last bitter hour" shall overshadow his lonely pallet, and Death, with its sable mantle, shall blot out his earthly career, he will know that no loved one will be there to minister to his last needs and no tears of sorrow will mingle with the clouds that fall upon his narrow sepulchre. Who shall define the misery of the lonely hours in that prison cell, or realize the hopelessness of that wrecked and destroyed life?

Surely a living death, for such a confinement must in time become, is punishment far greater than the snuffing out of a human life and the ending of all earthly troubles. Prison records are filled with attempts at suicide on the part of life-terminers, showing conclusively that death is more to be desired than life, amidst such surroundings and under such conditions.

WHAT OF THE NEW YEAR?

Figuring on the basis of five to one, which are the multiples most generally employed in such cases, the population of the Dallas school district, as shown by the last school census, recently completed, is 4,450. Other Oregon towns are basing their population claims upon similar figures, and the estimates are generally accepted as nearly correct. Eliminating those living outside of the limits of the city, which cannot amount to more than 400, Dallas' population as shown by the school census is something like 4,000. It is probable, however, that this estimate is rather high, as the percentage of floating population is much less here than in many other communities. Still, figuring from any angle, the showing is a most satisfactory one and demonstrates that Dallas is growing steadily and substantially.

The Observer believes that the coming year is bright with prospects for Dallas. First, and foremost, we have the promise of the Army

company to erect their big prune packing establishment here, work upon which will begin early in the spring. Negotiations for the selection of a site and other preliminary arrangements for the construction of a Carnegie library building will soon be settled, and work upon the structure itself will probably be well under way before the year ends. Added to this is the assurance that many Dallas people will erect new homes and there is also strong probability that other substantial business buildings will be erected during the year, as the present accommodations along this line are badly crowded, and it is at present impossible to lease a vacant store room in anything like a good location.

New people are arriving in the county and the large tracts are being cut up into smaller acreage, where, in a few years, will be grown abundant crops of fruit of all kinds. The future is bright for Dallas and vicinity and each and every citizen may look forward with the utmost optimism to the possibilities and probabilities of the new year.

T. R.'s presidential boom started in Nebraska the other day and was engineered by an Omaha attorney, John O. Yeiser. The writer was formerly a resident of Nebraska and remembers, along in 1896, when this same Yeiser person was a ranting populist that he was instrumental in starting a boom for one W. J. B. which up to the present moment, hasn't brought forth fruit although it has been resurrected on three different occasions. Of course there is no significance here, but it only serves to show that, as a "boom starter" Col. Yeiser leaves much to be desired, especially by the "boomee."

Indications are that that old craft the "water wagon" will be crowded to the limit once more beginning next Monday.

THE LOAFER

I don't go to church very often—more's the pity—but when I do I like to see all that's going on up in the pulpit and the choir loft and everywhere else where they are putting on attractions for the delectation of the saint and the saving of the sinner. I was there the other night. The occasion was a choral program given by the vocalists of the choir and the seating capacity was filled—crowded, to be exact. Of course a large portion of the congregation were women with hats. I say "hats" because headgear is often the only distinguishable feature with some women. Many of them looked like iron kitchen kettles turned bottom upward on the heads of the wearers. Others, which were no doubt simple enough lids in the first place, had been decorated with flowing imitation plumes and cheap flubdubbery until they looked like a June flower garden after an October frost. One lid in particular I shall not forget. It consisted of an inverted stew-pan minus the handle, and was surmounted by a five cent gilt buckle and a dozen rooster feathers that stuck straight upward like rushes in a frog pond. As it happened, the wearer of this headgear plumped herself down in the seat in front and every time I'd screw my head around to dodge those rooster feathers, and try to see what was going on up in front and who was pulling off the stunt, the owner of that lid would twist around too, in order to see past the hat in front of her, and so it went until you noticed the woman on the front seat who didn't have to twist her neck—she saw it all and she apparently didn't give a hang whether anybody else saw anything or not. Finally, one of the ladies in the back portion of the house removed her hat, another did likewise and still others followed suit until I thought that the action was going to be general. But hardly. To their shame be it said the majority of the women sat with their eyes glued to the front or twisted their necks to see the singers and made themselves generally ridiculous but they couldn't remove their headgear—oh, no. They had been going to church for many years and they never heard of such a thing. So they sat through the hour conscientiously doing their best to prevent as far as they possibly could, anyone behind them from enjoying the singing. I say "conscientiously" for any woman with a big hat must know that those behind her cannot see through her headpiece. All honor to the ladies who showed their innate gentility and regard for others by removing their hats. It was a graceful act and merited the thanks it received in the hearts of everyone in that big audience who was affected by it.

People living in the Spring Valley

neighborhood are sure a fortunate lot. Some modern educator has brought forward a scheme whereby the pupils of schools are given so many credits for things they do at home in the way of chores, etc., and, as the Spring Valley school is out to win the championship as a "blue ribbon school," it is said that the boys and girls of that district are doing all the work at home and their parents are living at ease.

Farm life now is endless joy
In Spring Valley,
Especially, if you own a boy
In Spring Valley.
No more you milk the brindle cow,
Nor split the wood, nor swill the sow,
That sort of stuff's all over now—
In Spring Valley.

For the lad who goes to school
In Spring Valley,
Where they're working under rule
In Spring Valley,
Will attend to all the chores
That are common, out of doors,
While you're busy with your snores
In Spring Valley.

Mother's chores are lighter too,
In Spring Valley,
For the girls are tried and true,
In Spring Valley
Now the beds they gladly make,
Sweep the rooms and bake the cake,
And wash the face of little Jake,
In Spring Valley.

Peaceful life, it seems to me,
In Spring Valley,
That's just where I'd like to be,
In Spring Valley.
Where the school is up to date,
And the pupils never late,
'Tis a most becoming trait,
In Spring Valley.

May blessings shower upon the man
In Spring Valley,
Who evolved this modern plan
In Spring Valley,
For he's worked the growing kid,
Something no one ever did,
And his light should not be hid
In Spring Valley.

Won Here.

In the basket ball game between the Salem High school boys, at the rink here Wednesday night, Dallas won by 32 to 12. Boydston and Woods threw five baskets each and Barham three. Boydston threw six fouls out of nine, and Kirk of Salem threw six out of eight. The Dallas team lost to the Independence High school at the recent game there by the score of 23 to 19 in a hard fought and very rough contest.

In Dallas Pulpits

Presbyterian.

Services December 31: Sunday school 10 a. m. Morning service and Communion 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor meeting 6:30 p. m. At evening service pulpit will be occupied by Rev. H. John Vine, of the Baptist church.

You are invited to worship with us. Good music and a cordial greeting.

Special Music—Morning.

Voluntary, "Theme" Ashford
Response, "Communion" . . . Lorenz
Offertory, "Andantino" . . . Guilman
Anthem, "When the Waiting Time is Over" Wilson

Evening.

Voluntary, "Evening Hymn"
..... Batiste
Response, "Hear Our Prayer"
..... Brooks
Offertory, "Andanti" Freyer
Anthem, "Another Year is Dawning"
..... Lorenz

Baptist.

Services Sunday, December 31.
Morning worship at 10 a. m. A New Year's Sermon. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Review Lessons.
Young People's meeting 6:30 p. m. Evening worship at 7:30. Rev. E. W. Miles, of the Presbyterian church, will occupy the pulpit.

Christian Science.

Christian Science services will be held in the Adventist church Sunday, December 31, at 10:30 a. m. Subject of lesson sermon, "Christian Science."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed the executrix of the estate of John J. Wiseman, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, and has qualified. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, at the law office of Brown & Sibley, in the city of Dallas, in said county of Polk, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published December 29, 1911.

JESSIE C. WESTOVER,
Executrix of the estate of John J. Wiseman, deceased.
L. D. Brown,
Attorney for the Estate. 1-26

Trespass notices, weather proof, for sale at the Observer Job Office.

Thursday

DECEMBER 28th

Began Our

Annual Clearance Sale

We Must Have

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS

At Once

We Need the Money

AND

We Need the Room

FOR

Spring Goods

Just to Start the Ball Rolling for one Week we will Give our Customers

20 Per Cent Discount

On all Cash Purchases

This Means Every Article in our Big Stock of New, up to date Goods

One Price to All

Dallas Mercantile Co.